

Tape #014

MRS. IVA HOLMES

Interviewed by Mike Brown

This is an interview with Mrs. Iva Holmes at the Holmes residence at 5834 South 1500 East by Mike Brown of the Golden Age Center.

Iva Holmes (Iva): Well I would be willing to tell stories to have company. That's one thing I don't tell, anything that isn't true. I am a strong LDS.

Mike Brown (MB): Well, do you have any wild stories? That would be all right, too.

Iva: Well, I don't know if I have any wild stories.

MB: Who were your parents, Ivie?

Iva: Did you know Ben Slaugh, that lived down here in Davis?

MB: Oh, I have seen him down at the Center.

Iva: Oh, you've seen him, that's my brother, my brother Ben. He is two years younger than me and my dad was named Ben Slaugh. But he has been gone for several years. I wondered if you knew him. I take after my dad for this here talking. My dad was one of the first to live in Salt Lake. Salt Lake wasn't settled when he moved there. He was just a three-year-old boy and he grew up with the Indians, were not civilized in those days. And if they could get a little white boy, as I told you before, I believe that they would make the parents give a good price to get him.

MB: You mean they would kidnap him?

Iva: Yes. I think that I have told you this story, so if I have stop me. They was two other little boys and they was a great big cliff quite a little ways, and he lived with his sister—his mother died when he was three, so he lived with his sister. Back of her house there was a great big high cliff and they could climb about six foot with help and get into a big den, like you know and so. They had one little boy that was about two or three years, smaller than they were and they seen the Indians way off here on a peak and they figured that they had spotted these little boys. So they hurried and jumped down and got the little boy and they had to drag him for a quarter of a mile to get to his sister's place, but they got through the gate before the Indians come to the gate, they was just that close. Well, if the Indians could have got him, you see, they would have made the parents pay a big price to get him back and that's what they was trying to do. I asked my dad, did they ever kill any little children, and he said no not that he knew of.

MB: Was that in Salt Lake City?

Iva: That was in early Salt Lake, before there was any settlement there whatever, that's been over a hundred years ago, because my dad would be better that, one hundred, now.

MB: Did he come across the plains?

Iva: Yes, when he was three years old.

MB: Was that with the handcart company?

Iva: Yes. It was a company, but I can't remember the company's name. I don't know who the leader was.

MB: Where did he come from ?

Iva: Pennsylvania. He was born in Pennsylvania.

MB: How did he come to this country here?

Iva: By wagons. Yes, they came here, I don't know just what year it was. Well, he was quite young, he met my mother here Now my mother, her folks were pioneers, too. And, oh, we used to sit and listen to my dad's stories. Of course, they were true, you know. They weren't just stories. I just wondered how he did make it through it all. His mother died when he was so young; he lived with his sister. But the Indians, I never did like the Indians when I was a little girl. Do you remember? I don't suppose you remember them at all.

MB: I just know a few over on the reservation.

Iva: Over on the reservation, huh? They was all around here. My dad bought a place on Green River to put his cattle on when I was just a tiny girl, and one Sunday afternoon, I think I told this lady, this do you remember?

Bullock: No, I don't believe so.

Iva: I don't like to tell the same story twice, because it is not interesting. But this one Sunday afternoon we went up to my uncle's and sat the afternoon. We always had to go with a wagon and team, you know. My dad always drove these big, big horses that couldn't even trot, they could walk so slow, you know, I hated it. I would say dad let us get out and walk; I would rather walk than ride. Well, we always had to go in a wagon cause we didn't even have a buggy in those days. People were so poor. Why we would never've dreamed of a buggy or a wagon getting out and going by itself and up over hills just like the cars do today. We would never have believed that.

But anyway, we was coming home and we had been up to my Uncle Ike's, we had been up to his place that afternoon. And we saw the smoke whirling out of the stove pipe and we thought, there's the Indians come to stay all night with us. Dad liked 'em, he liked to talk to em, but I was scared of 'em. So we broke and run in the house and it was my grandma and grandpa sitting there, and they had made a good fire and had the house really warm. It was in the winter time, you know, and there they sit. But the Indians, this here Indian lady and her husband, they

came real often. Like if they would come from the reservation, you know, they would come stay at our house almost every night, and, you know, my dad was just as interested in them as he was any white man. He could talk just as long and enjoyed it just as much as a white man.

MB: Did he know the language?

Iva: No. He did a little, but not very much, but it seemed like they could understand each other. My dad was a good motioner, he talked a lot with his hands. He talked a lot with his hands, you know. And here two Indians, they so enjoyed staying over to our house. We had a little brick house at the back of our main house where we used to keep our meat. My dad always had lots of pigs that he fattened and butchered out and then he always butchered a beef. This here little brick house was about as big as this room and he would hang quarters of beef. It was late in the fall and he would hang them on the rafters. Of course, it would freeze and keep good, but the pork, we had to cure that.

So, along in the summer time after the meat was all taken out and fruit and everything such as that was gone, my sister and I thought we would fix that there little brick house up—it was plastered nice and had good floors in it—for us a bedroom in the summer time. So, my dad got a real savage dog from a neighbor and this neighbor's name, I will have to mention it 'cause it goes on in the story, his name was Atwood, George Atwood. And it was the one that kept growling and growling, you know? And I said to my sister, "Cora, I am going to get up and find out what that dog's barking at." Oh, I was so brave! So, I opened the door, and just as I opened the door, on the bottom step a man stepped backwards. Boy, I let out a scream! My dad was there in just a minute and he said, "What's the matter?" And I said, "There was a man standing right here by the door." Well, this dog was a great pal to this man and he had an idea that he could come and help himself to our meat that hung in this house. They were awful poor, the Atwoods were, and that's what we had it down. Now, I don't know how true this is, but just belief, just thinking, but we spoiled the playhouse and we never slept out there anymore.

MB: Were you pretty young when this happened?

Iva: About thirteen or fourteen. I was the oldest in our family.

MB: How many children were there?

Iva: Seven.

MB: Seven children?

Iva: That's what I had, was seven.

MB: So, somewhere there is a seventh child with a seventh child. Who were your grandparents? You mentioned your grandparents.

Iva: Well, my grandfather's name was Dave Smuin, he came from England and his wife's name was Emma.

MB: Did you remember them well?

Iva: Oh yes, they were the grandest people. They came from England; they were full English people and you think of the English people, real old people, and they are stingy, but my grandpa and grandma wasn't one bit. They were always giving to us kids, my mother's family that is, of course. They always had a sack of candy stored away for us, or some cookies, or something like that, you know, what kids really like. Boy, it really won us over. Oh, it was so much fun at Grandma's house, they only lived a half a mile from our place. My dad homesteaded a place here and then he let my grandpa have it, forty acres that were adjoining, which was really nice for us kids because we really loved our grandma, because grandpa, he wasn't home a lot of time, he worked in town a lot of the time for years, and things such as that. He planted flowers and shrubbery for people in town, that was before he got so awfully old, you know, and I used to go stay with her and she always had a sack of candy stored away for me.

MB: Was that your mother's parents?

Iva: Yeah, that was my mother's parents, yes.

MB: Were they some of the early settlers here?

Iva: Yes, yes, they were early here. My mother and dad told me the houses that were in the ward when they first settled down here, but I just don't remember. But it wasn't many, just five or six houses in Davis Ward at the time. Then after us kids—my mother had seven of us as I told you—we grew up, my dad helped to build the first schoolhouse in Davis Ward, helped to mold the brick, and it was a very little ways from our house so that we walked home from our lunch and my mother wanted us to come so that she knew we were all right. They really worried about us kids. If ever kids were taken care of, it was our family.

MB: Where was that Davis School?

Iva: Well, do you know where the chapel is in Davis? Well, it was just down the road from it. It was a four-roomed schoolhouse. My dad was one of the, well, he was the superintendent of the Davis School and he arranged everything. Oh, I never will forget how they molded out them bricks, they... I suppose you have seen 'em? They have a great big mud mixer that runs with an engine. Well, I don't remember how many men they had to work, there was an awful lot of them that throwed the dirt in and the water, you know, so many doing this, and then the mud was all mixed. Well, when they molded the brick out and they laid them on the ground, you probably know how they do that, it seemed to me that it covered a fourth of an acre. There was five brick to each layer, where they dumped them out, you know. So, after they got the schoolhouse started, it was real close to our place there, you know, and my girlfriend and I would go down there and walk on those bricks.

MB: Were they hot?

Iva: No. They were right on the ground. They was just about the thickness of a brick, you know, on the ground. We would walk all over them and would make our tracks on them. And when the brick dried, there was our prints dried right in. But we had a bunch of superintendents of the building of the brick, you know, and all that. My dad's name was Ben. "You know, Ben, we can tell that your kids have been down there." We had walked bare-footed on them bricks and we would leave our prints of our foot, you know. Well, they could tell, we really branded 'em.

MB: Did you get in trouble?

Iva: No, no. They was all our neighbor men, was trustees, and my dad was the leader of the trustees and 'course he stuck up for us. We had no trouble.

MB: Did you go to school?

Iva: Oh yes, I went to the fifth grade and then I only took another part of schooling from then on. I never got very far in school, I'll tell that much.

Bullock: What grade were you in when you quit school?

Iva: I was only in the fifth.

MB: How did you come to be here, Iva?

Iva: My dad was reading the *Vernal Express* one day when I was down at his place and he said, "My land," I think he said, "Here is a piece of land not very far for homesteading." He says, "You get Joe on to that," he says, "it joins Brimhalls' over here, joins fence here. That wouldn't be very far away." So, that's what we did, we homesteaded this place. But you have to do an awfully lot of work, I'll tell you, fence and clean so much away every spring and put in crops, you know, proving that's that what we wanted. We wanted it for a homestead, you know, and they was good, they helped us out.

MB: How long did it take to get the title? How many years did it take?

Iva: I think it was three years.

MB: To prove up on it?

Iva: I thing they give you five, but we proved up on it in three.

MB: Did they send someone around to inspect it, or how did they determine that you had proved it?

Iva: Yes. They had different men come and appraise the ground and see how it was, if we was doing our work and things such as that. Now, the fencing was a great help to us and then we would have to clear off so much ground every spring and put in crop, to show that we wanted it

for a home, you see, and that's the way we have to do. Oh, I have seen the Indians string clear from that ridge to Ashley Creek on. Oh, I was scared to death, especially when I was here alone with three little kids.

MB: Did they come by here often?

Iva: Right over there on that ridge, no, they didn't come here close. Oh, sometimes they would ride over for a loaf of bread, but they was always good.

MB: Were they nice?

Iva: Real nice, they were real friendly. They wanted to be friends with us, but I knew the Indians quite well by my dad buying this land off the river, now did I tell you his name? Red-Dog, his name was Red-Dog.

MB: Who was that? Was that the friend of your Dad's?

Iva: That was the Indian we got the land off the river from, his name was Red-Dog.

MB: Oh, was this your dad's cattle ranch? You said he had a ranch.

Iva: Yes, my dad bought that land on the river to run his cattle on, but later he fenced it, you know. He bought this land from Red-Dog, and his wife's name was Mary.

MB: Was she an Indian, too?

Iva: Yes, she was an Indian. Real dark, they were awfully dark, but they was good, and, you know, if you can get an Indian friend, you have got a real good friend. They will do anything for you.

MB: Where would the Indians come from? Would they be coming from the reservation?

Iva: Yes. Now what was that place that they told us that they stayed so much at? I am an awful poor hand at remembering, but it was down the river. Do you know any of the names of the river, down the Green River way down there through there?

MB: Like Nine Mile, or names of people?

Iva: Sounds kind of familiar, Nine Mile.

MB: Nine Mile Canyon? That's quite a ways down, though.

Iva: Is it? Well, they come a long ways. They had some ground over there that they had got. I don't know, but it seems that the government was quite lenient with the Indians. The government give them first right. But my dad could really get along with the Indians, but he was raised with

them and he knew how to talk. I was scared to death of 'em.

MB: How come you was scared of 'em?

Iva: I don't know.

MB: Maybe it was those stories your grandfather told.

Iva: Well, probably so. They use to scalp the white men, you know, and see which one could get the most scalps. The one that could get the most was the leader. All those years my dad used to tell us stories, Indian stories.

MB: How many of 'em would you see coming down that ridge there, did you see a lot of 'em?

Iva: Oh, coming from the ridge?

MB: Yes, when they would stream down the ridge.

Iva: Yes, but they would come one behind the other, one behind the other. They didn't ride two abreast like the white men do. There would be just one behind the other and I would see em from the top of the ridge to Ashley Creek just as far as I could see.

MB: Hundreds of them, huh?

Iva: Oh yes, yes. But I don't know, it seems to me the government was quite lenient with them, give 'em lots of rights.

MB: Now, last time I was here you were telling me about some dances. Did you go to the Imperial Dance Hall? Would you tell me them again, because I don't remember what you told me.

Iva: Well, that was when they first started that at the Imperial Hall. I met this Joe Holmes. He was a poor boy. He had nothing, his mother and father was real old and he had two sisters and they was both married and each had a baby and left their husbands, and they come home to tell Joe. Joe's my husband's name, and he had to support 'em, dress 'em, and everything. Well, he stayed right on the Price road, that was about all the work that he could do that he could get, you know.

MB: What kind of work was that?

Iva: Just freighting, from bringing the freight from Price to Vernal. He drove four horses and he was gone pret' near all the time. Well, if he wasn't freighting he was workin' on this big government canal over on the reservation. Probably you have seen them, I haven't. I have seen some, but not many and he used to work on them just about all the time. So, I went to a dance at the Imperial and I met him up there, and, oh, he was a swell dancer and I was just learning,

‘cause my folks wouldn’t let me go early in life. I had to be about sixteen or seventeen, and a girlfriend that had gone with him before I made the acquaintance with him and I danced several dances with him. And oh, he was a wonderful dancer and I couldn’t dance at all. But he always praised me and said, “Yes, you are just doing fine. You’re a good dancer.” And that just made me want to go the next week. They had a dance every Friday night, and I knew quite a few of the Massey boys there. Are you acquainted with any of the Masseys here in Vernal?

MB: I have met a few. Is Van Massey one of ‘em?

Iva: Yes, he is a veterinarian. They used to come to our home quite a bit. Then there was Johnny and Willard and Arthur, a lot of the boys. Now, this Mrs. Massey had a real large family and they were pret’ near all boys. I think she had two girls, and her oldest girl, Viola, taught school in Davis so she came to our place, ‘cause it was close to the schoolhouse, and stayed there in the winter. You know, oh, she was a dear girl, and we just thought the world of her and then when school was out, she met this Charlie Pope and they got married. They would come out just about every Sunday and eat dinner with us and they became very dear friends, you know, and we got well acquainted with the man she married and we liked him also, awful well, and so they came to stay pretty often.

After they moved to town, they would come, she would say, “Come up and stay with us Ivy, and you can go to the dances with Willard.” So, that’s what I did, and then I met this Joe Holmes up there, and oh, he was a swell dancer and he wanted to bring me home, and I said yeah, but I wasn’t supposed to come home with any strange boys that she didn’t know, but after he come for quite some time and they got to know him, my dad fell in love with him. Now, Joe was quite a horse doctor. Now, he had learned ‘most all of it himself. He had worked on the Price so much that he had just learned what horses needed and such as that, and I used to get so jealous with him and tell him that he thought more of his horses than he did me.

MB: I tell my wife that about her dogs. Do you remember who ran the Imperial Dance Hall?

Iva: I don’t remember too much. That was over forty-five years ago.

MB: Did you ever know Jake Workman?

Iva: Yes, yes.

MB: Now, that wasn’t his hall, was it? He had another hall?

Iva: He had another hall. Now, I think that his hall was south of the Imperial. We went there a lot of times. Before this here big place was built, we went to Jake’s Hall. Yes, I danced there lots of times.

MB: Would Jake have dances, too?

Iva: Yes. Now, this is where I met this Joe Holmes.

MB: Was this at Jake's or the Imperial?

Iva: At Jake's, so you can tell it's along ways back.

MB: Well, did you know Jake?

Iva: Well, not too well. I know him when I seen him. But to talk in a conversation or something like that, I didn't know him at that.

MB: Do you remember anything about him? Can you tell me what he was like?

Iva: Now, if I remember right, he was quite a small man. He wasn't a very large man and he was quite strict. 'Course he had to be in a place like that. If he would have been a jolly, jovied guy, the people would have just run over him. You can't be very good to people in a gathering like that. You have to be rather strict, because the boys drank quite a bit. There would be some boys that came in there so drunk they couldn't dance. They would have to put them out. Well, then he had to order one of the others to help put them out and the jail was just right close there. Do you remember the old jail?

MB: I think I know where it was, I know they tore it down.

Iva: Well, they used to put a good many of them in there until after the dance was out.

MB: Did they cause trouble and stuff?

Iva: Yes, they would cause trouble. They didn't inside the hall, but outdoors they would get to wrestling and things like that, and my dad wouldn't let my younger brother go because he was afraid that maybe they got to fighting with knives and stuff like that, you know.

MB: Did anyone get hurt?

Iva: Yes, they had some, but not bad. I know after quite some time my dad wouldn't let me go because it was just getting too wild a place, with so much things and drinking going on, you know. But my dad wouldn't let me go to town any longer. I only went for a short time. But when we had this Viola Massey, she boarded there at our house for three years and taught school in Davis and then she married this Charlie Pope, and this Charlie Pope, oh, he was quite well known in the town there. He clerked in the Ashley Co-op there for years. So I could go if I didn't run out. I couldn't leave at night. I mean, in the evening I wasn't to leave when the dance was going on. I wasn't to leave the dance hall. Oh, my dad warned me against that 'cause he would say some of them kids might kill you and they could have, you know, drinking and like they did.

MB: Do you remember a bell down town? A curfew bell?

Iva: A bell?

MB: I have heard, been told, that there was a bell down there, that they would ring it at nine or ten at night and everyone had to be inside.

Iva: Well, they had, yes, great big bell on the schoolhouse. Then there was a rope that come from the bell right down from the roof through the ceiling and it had a long stick on the end and they could ring that bell so when it was time to take up school... I think there was two bells in the morning that rang and that was for to get ready and the next bell was for marching in. Yes, I remember that.

MB: Which school was that?

Iva: That was Davis School, right down here.

MB: That was the Davis School?

Iva: Yes, and then Merrill's Ward. Do you know where the Merrill's Ward is?

MB: Is that Glines now?

Iva: No, that just farther on north of the Davis School.

MB: And that was called Merrill's Ward?

Iva: Merrill's Ward. I don't know what it goes by right now.

Bullock: Probably Naples, one of the Naples wards.

MB: That may be Naples 3rd Ward or something.

Iva: I don't know. What I hear was Merrill's Ward. That's all I ever knew of it. That's where we went to our dances most of the time. Then on Christmas nights, the schoolteachers would give a play and a dance out here in our ward.

MB: A play?

Iva: Yes, they did dialogs. They would put on a dialog, you know.

MB: What else did you do at Christmas time?

Iva: Oh, we have had big times. Great big Christmas tree and there would be a great big sack of candy on the tree for everybody.

MB: No, was this at school?

Iva: Right here at Davis School, yes.

MB: Were you ever in any of the plays?

Iva: Oh, my laws, yes. Dialog after dialog, I studied dialogs until I was sick and tired of it. It was a big time at Christmas time.

MB: Did they have Santa Claus come and that type of thing?

Iva: Yes, yes, there was always a Santa Claus, there was always a sack on his back.

MB: Well, that's nice. Say, did you ever know Pete Dillman? Peter Dillman, I think he was a game warden.

Iva: No, I knew Billy Gillman. He was the one that run the store in Naples down here right across from the meeting house down here, was Billy Gillman.

MB: Dillman.

Iva: Oh, Dillman. Well, isn't he an undertaker?

MB: I don't know. Did you know the family?

Iva: No. I didn't know the family, but he was the one that...

MB: Well, he might have been an undertaker or one of the...

Iva: Yes, he was an undertaker, yes. No, I didn't know him at all. I wouldn't have known him if I would have seen him.

MB: What did you do for fun, Ivie?

Iva: For fun?

MB: Yeah, when you could get away from the work and everything. What did you do for fun when you were little?

Iva: I don't know. A bunch of little kids will find something to do.

MB: Did you ever get into mischief?

Iva: In mischief? No, never did, no.

MB: Never did?

Iva: No, my dad was LDS and he was very strict, awfully strict, and oh, if us kids would have taken anything that didn't belong to us, I don't know what he would have done. He wouldn't have whipped us, but would have talked to us till we would have felt so bad.

MB: You wished you would have been whipped?

Iva: Yes, I would have sooner took a whippin'. He just thought it was something terrible to take something out of a store, you know. I remember one time when my brother was about four years old and I was about six and my father took me to town to have a tooth pulled and he said, "Ivie, I want you to stay right here by the Ashley Co-op with Bennie, while I run down to the mill and get some flour." Well, he was going to have grist made into flour. "I'll be gone be gone quite a little while."

And oh, we just got so hungry, you know, before he got back. So, on the counter there on the Ashley Co-op, I will never forget it, I can see right where it laid, there was a piece of candy rolled up in a paper. And my brother was littler than I was and I was so hungry I knew he was. I walked up and took that piece of candy off the counter and handed it to him and told him to eat it. I couldn't rest till I told my dad 'cause I knew I had stole a piece of candy. So, when we was goin' home I told him. I said, "Dad, I stole a piece of candy." And he said, "Oh my land, what did you do that for?" And I said I felt sorry for Bennie. I knew he was hungry and I said it lay on the counter there and it was wrapped in paper and I said I gave it to him. "Well," he said, "Don't feel bad about it, but don't never do it again." He knew I was about to cry, and I was scared, and, boy, I never took anything like that again.

MB: Did you help him eat it?

Iva: No, I didn't eat it, he ate it. But he was littler than me and I knew he was hungry, and, oh, I felt three times more sorry for him than I did myself.

MB: Do you remember when you and your husband came to this farm here? About when it was?

Iva: Out here? I'm going blind.

MB: The sun went behind a cloud or something.

Iva: You know, when you get as old as me, you forget so much.

Bullock: Well, I'm not very old and I still forget a lot.

MB: So do I.

Iva: Well, wait till you get as old as I and then see.

MB: Was that around the war, when you came here?

Iva: No, no. Oh, out here you mean? Oh, the war.

MB: World War I. It was around 1918, 1917.

Iva: Oh, we was out here at that time. I think it was Indians, I told you, would string from the ridge clear down here. You wouldn't have any idea when that was. My memory is awfully poor and it seems as I get older, it gets worse.

MB: Did you have any early impressions of Vernal? What Vernal was like when you were little?

Iva: Oh, my land, yes. We went up there, oh, there was the Ashley Co-op, and, do you remember, it was the Adams store or is it still running? Adams was a little store out back of the... used to be Bullock's store and it was far out that way. It was called the Adams Store.

MB: There is an Adams Jewelry store, maybe it's the same place.

Iva: Well, this was a little grocery store, and I used to like to go to that little store 'cause they were so kind and so good to us kids and I guess I was a little small at that time 'cause my mother would write down a list of things that she wanted and I would have to have the clerk read it 'cause I just didn't know how to read it. I hadn't went to school and so I would give the order to the clerk and she would fill it, you know. Now that was at the Adams Store. Do you remember the old Bullock store?

MB: She is a Bullock, maybe she knows.

Iva: Do you remember the Bullock Store?

Bullock: Was it the J. K. Store, Dr. J. K.'s store?

Iva: It was right across from the Ashley Co-op, right on the side of the street right over in there.

Bullock: I remember a little store, I have seen pictures of it, but I don't know if it is any relation to me or not. There was an old Dr. J. K. Bullock, do you remember him?

Iva: Yes, he was the father of these boys, I think. J. K. Bullock, he had a great big place that my brothers farmed right down through here, J. K. Bullock. He was a really wealthy man. Yes, I remember him, the Bullock store. I suppose he has been gone for quite some time now. Did you know him?

Bullock: No, I never did meet him, but my dad remembers him, and when my little brother was born we named him John Kirby for J. K. Bullock.

Iva: You know, moving out here and not learning to drive a car, it really put me behind times, I can't keep up. Where, if I would have learned to drive a car and went into town like my daughters do about every other day, I could have kept up with the times. But I just sit here day in and day out and long for the sun to go down so it will be cooler.

MB: Do you have any other memories of early Vernal, what it was like? Do you remember some of the other stories that were there?

Iva: No, I don't think so.

Bullock: Do you remember when they opened the old show house? The movie house?

Iva: Oh, I did know, but I don't know whether I would know it now, do you know the Imperial?

Bullock: Yes.

Iva: Well, it was right across the road from it.

Bullock: Who opened it?

Iva: Well, I don't know. I guess I knew at the time, but I guess I don't remember. That's the worst of me. I forget so easy.

MB: I had another question. How did you pay your tithing?

Iva: We just give it to the bishop and he would give a slip.

MB: No, I mean, did you pay it with crops, like if you didn't have any money?

Iva: Well, yes. I believe my dad did in early days, but we never did, my husband and I. We just paid the money. We always had sheep and we could always sell the lambs and the wool and such as that and we would pay the dividend out of that.

MB: I have heard in the olden days that they had to pay a part of their crops.

Iva: Oh, yes. My dad used to pay grain for his tithing.

MB: Could he pay that right here in Davis or did he have to go...

Iva: Yes. Well, I think that there was a man in with the bishop that would come around and take grain. As long as I can remember, my dad was a-sacking' grain all the time out of the granary, you know. And if ever I would go out there to tell him to come to dinner or something like that, that dinner was ready, you know, I never would go in, 'cause I never would quit itching, that dust off that grain, you know. I never will forget.

MB: Did you and your husband just have sheep here or did you run sheep on the mountain?

Iva: No, we just run 'em around here.

MB: Just here?

Iva: Yes, we homesteaded 400 acres along the ridge up here and then they fenced it all, him and my brothers, and we just run our sheep in there. Oh, we lost a lot, with coyotes and...

MB: Were coyotes a problem here?

Iva: I seen as many as one hundred coyotes one morning.

MB: Did they kill a lot of your animals?

Iva: Oh, they just killed the in the hundreds. I got up this morning and I think that Bennie was about two years old. I heard coyotes howl and I looked up there and I bet there was fifty, and they had no more howled and right up on this hill and another one howled and right over here in the field, this field of Mr. Brimhall's, and another one howled and there was that many in three different bunches, all of one hundred. Well, I had to send my kids to school. My two little girls had to walk down through here, you know, and I told Joe, when he come I said, "Oh, I don't think I will ever send the kids to school again." I told him about these coyotes, but we never did see 'em again. They howled, they just howled and howled and I made the kids come in. I was scared. I didn't know but what they was wolves and I said, "Oh, come in." And in about ten minutes we looked out and we never seen a one, and I've never seen 'em since.

MB: How close was your closest neighbor?

Iva: Well, there was one neighbor that lived along the canal up here, oh, about one-half mile.

MB: Half a mile?

Iva: Yes, right up through here. And then there was another neighbor over here on the hill, you know, you have seen it, and that was all the neighbors we had. Then Joe's brother homesteaded a piece joining ours up through here. They lived up through here, they had all girls, they didn't have a boy. But these girls could ride just like boys. They would ride horses and herd the cows and they was just as good a riders as boys. They dressed in overalls and each one, I think there was three of 'em that had their ponies, they would ride here about every day and watched the cows, too. Well, in fact, they herded our cows with 'em and then they would take their cows home at night and then they would be back down in the morning. We had a lovely place for running milk cows, just fine. We sold the cream, you know, and then we raised lots and lots of bum lambs. You have heard of the bum lambs?

MB: Yeah, my brother raises bummers, too.

Iva: Well, we always saved every lamb. It's mother would disown it, you know, and it wasn't long, we had a bunch of sheep.

MB: How many sheep and cows did you have out here?

Iva: We had two hundred head of sheep and forty some odd cows. But after he passed away, I had to get rid of everything.

MB: Did you help out on the farm, too?

Iva: Not very much.

MB: You had a lot of kids?

Iva: Yes, my children were quite young. I never neglected my children. I loved 'em with all my life and I couldn't have worked out here at the side of the house, and there was about a month or two it wasn't finished and they could have fell in it, you know. 'Course we covered it, you know. But oh, I would have worried to death. And then this here big canal they put through here, I worried to death about the little girls if I would send them on a horse to bring the cows back for fear they would fall off the horse in this big canal. That's all I have ever had as a worry or a scare. Yeah, I was scared of everything.

MB: What was an average day like?

Iva: An average day, what do you mean?

MB: I mean, like what would you do? How early would you get up and what would you do?

Iva: Well, we was up about 6:00 every morning, and then we had from six to eight cows to milk. If I could leave the kiddies long enough, I would go help him milk a cow or two, that was our living, the cream. We had a separator and we'd separate the cream, you know, and take the cream once a week to the creamery and get our groceries. 'Course we always had a garden. And I had chickens, that way we always had all the eggs and milk we wanted, you know. But you have to have so many groceries, regardless, so we would take the cream up. We would have about a five-gallon can once a week and that would get our groceries for a week. I tell you, we had to work. There's no doubt about that, milk about six or seven cows and separate the cream and churning and raising a garden, tending water, walking 'cause you generally always planned big, you know.

MB: Would you ever take a day off and just do things as a family?

Iva: Oh yes, yes, we would take a day off and go to the river and he'd fish for an hour or two and then we would put a jag of wood on and then come home. I generally fixed a nice dinner for our lunch, you know, and he would fish for a while and we had the two little boys and they wanted to fish. They always took their fishing lines, and if they would catch a fish, oh, that was wonderful!

MB: Did you go out south here to the river or whereabouts?

Iva: Yeah. We had to go out the highway here and then right straight to the river. Right out there, back of the peak, on down to the river, was my dad's place. He had a big lot of cattle he run

down in there and we would get our wood and that down in his place and eat our lunch down there and fish a lot.

MB: So then, with all your family, you had a lot of land here all the way down?

Iva: Yes, we had a lot. We still have a lot. Well, my husband don't now. I gave it all to the girls, all up the ridge there. That was wonderful ground for sheep, just what they needed, you know, and then I sold my place to my son down here. So I am just about empty-handed.

MB: You told me your husband was a freighter?

Iva: Yes. He freighted from Price.

MB: Who did he work for?

Iva: Well, he hauled freight for several of the stores here. There was the Adams, Ashley Co-op, Coltharps. Them was the names that he generally hauled freight for.

MB: Well, was he like independent? Did he have his own teams?

Iva: Oh, yes. He had four head of horses and two wagons.

MB: Oh, I see. So, like, he just contracted for them? They would just pay him for whatever he hauled?

Iva: Well, he would have to get an order from them to show that he wanted this freight for a certain store up here, you see. Now generally, he would freight for the Ashley Co-op and he would have to get an order from them to take out there to get his load, or from Coltharps or whoever he was getting this here freight for, to hand their name in and that's the way he did it.

MB: Did that pay well?

Iva: Yes, he made good money. But it took so much to feed them four horses. He'd have to buy hay and grain to come back with, you know, from out there. He would generally take enough to do him on the way out. If he could get a load out, taking something out, he done good. But if he had to go out empty-handed one way or the other, he wouldn't do so good.

MB: Oh, he tried to be loaded both ways?

Iva: Yes, loaded both ways. Why then, he done good.

MB: How long a trip was it?

Iva: Oh, he would be gone from ten to twelve days.

MB: At a time? That would get pretty lonely for you here, wouldn't it?

Iva: You are not telling me. I know all about it. I was scared to death. There was nobody lived out here, you might say. There was a family lived way off down here, oh, more than a half-mile. The Johnsons homesteaded a piece of ground out there just like we did this. This lady, Mrs. Johnson, she was crippled all on one side, the left side. She was crippled and she had, I think it was, ten children. This arm was all crunched up like this and it was little. It wasn't much bigger than a baby hand, and she did all her work with this one hand. It was a blessing that her right hand was good. I have seen her wash on a board with this one hand and the way she would have to wring 'em out! She would have to press her hand right on the wash board, just press the water out as good as she could and then, that was that. Oh, and they was a poor, poor family. She was a cousin to my mother.

Oh, we used to have good times, though. After my girls grew up, they would come from all over the ward here partying. Every night we had a party and they would bring some kind of dainty or a drink or something. I enjoyed the kids. They was always so good to me. I would just get in and play games right with them.

MB: Did yo always have a big house full of kids?

Iva: Oh, always, yes. And they would treat me just like the kids. Have you every played the button game? Button, button, who's got the button? Oh, we used to play that all the time. I don't know what all games we played, there was always a new game they had out. But the house is gone and all the people are gone. They had a lovely frame home down here, four rooms, and an upstairs in it. Their house was really nice and this was the crippled lady I told you. She was a cousin to my mother. I knew 'em real well, but I would say, if one of the kids happened to come up here, I would say, "Why don't one of you kids come up here and stay with me?" Like if my husband was gone, you know. I was the biggest coward on earth. Well, here would come four or five, have to make a bed on the floor or something to get all four, but they was always so good to me. They would come and if I was out of water, they would got to the big ditch out here, each one, and take a couple of buckets. I would have enough water to do me for days. We drank that water that come from the canal. It would surprise you what would kill you.

MB: Was it good water?

Iva: Yes, it was lovely water, just as soft and nice to wash in and, yes, I always washed in it, and, you know, if you got hard water, your clothes never come clean. I always washed in that.

MB: Did you have a big tub to wash people in, wash your kids in?

Iva: Oh, yes. Yes, I had a number 3 tub. I could put two kids in it, pour the tea kettle of water down their back.

MB: Would you do that in the house or would you do that outside?

Iva: Oh, no, I always bathed my kids in the house, generally in the kitchen where the linoleum was, you know, and you could take the mop rag and wipe the water all up. Yes, I always bathed

my kids, two and three times a week. They loved to get in the tub and then, as the girls got older, they could bathe 'em. My two oldest girls, they could bathe the littler ones just as good as I could.

MB: How many years were they spread out over, all your children? Were they over ten years or twenty years or...

Iva: They was only two years old when I would get another. Just two years apart.

MB: So, like the oldest was fourteen when the youngest was born?

Iva: Yes. But they learned to work. They was learned to milk cows and feed pigs, haul in the garden and things. They liked it. They would say, "Oh, Mama, if you want to stay in and do up the dishes and make up the beds, we'll got and haul in the garden." I could do that and stay and watch my littler kids, too. So, they always kept the garden clean, and I raised a beautiful garden. Boy, I miss it. We always had such a good garden. The green peas, when they first come on, they was so good, you know, and the beans and radishes and turnips and things like that, you know. We always had everything like that, that we wanted. Now, I don't have nothing, only what I buy, and I don't get to town very often. I just don't have it.

MB: Did you preserve a lot of the vegetables for the winter?

Iva: Oh, yes. Yes, we had a pit in the back of our granary and Joe used to bring a wagonload of sand and we would bury our turnips and beets and such as that in this sand and they was just as good months afterwards as if you had just took them out of the ground. Oh, they would be just lovely.

MB: You never wanted for food?

Iva: Oh, no, never. We always had all the meat we wanted, all our flour and vegetables. We never went hungry, never.

MB: Did you slaughter your own beef and butcher it and everything?

Iva: Yes. My brother was a great hand to kill beef so like that. Well, my dad used to sell beef, so my brother used to come out here and help.

MB: Was that your brother Ben?

Iva: Yes, and he would come out and help Joe butcher out the beef and like that, you know, and slaughter the pigs and such as that.

MB: I just wondered, did you and Joe ever go down to Dinosaur, when they were digging up those dinosaur bones?

Iva: No, we did not.

MB: I just wondered if you were ever down there.

Iva: No, I heard about 'em, but I never did go down there. On the other side of the river there?

MB: Yeah.

Iva: No, I have often wondered what it was like. You have been there, have you?

MB: Have you ever been there?

Iva: No, I have never been there, but I heard of the dinosaurs they dug out.

MB: Well, that's great. You have sure given me a lot of good information.

Iva: Oh, it wouldn't be worth a nickle.

MB: Oh, it is. It's worth a lot. It is just tremendous.

Iva: I bet you could run across some of the people up here in the valley.